

Amnesty International sees 'nothing blatantly unfair'

Another head that may roll as a result of the developments in the Shubeilat case is that of the murky "human rights" outfit known as Amnesty International. The day before Laith Shubeilat, Jordanian Member of Parliament and head of the Commission on Public Corruption of the Jordanian Parliament, was condemned to 20 years hard labor, a Jordan-sector Amnesty International spokesman in London, named "Claudio," found "nothing blatantly unfair" about the proceedings, and "nothing which could justify calling the trial a farce." For example, he pointed out that the prosecutor had not referred at all, in his final peroration, to the fact that the star prosecution witness had been a secret witness, with a false identity! As though the recourse to such means in order to obtain a guilty verdict, were not enough, by itself, to taint the entire proceedings.

When "Claudio" was told of the story circulating that the anonymous witness was a false witness, and when asked what he would say if an affidavit to this effect by the false witness existed, "Claudio" spluttered that this

might just dent the credibility of the prosecution and the court.

According to sources in the European Parliament, Amnesty International had warned callers from the European Parliament inquiring about the trial, that "there might be substance" to the allegation that Shubeilat was a terrorist! Amnesty's blanket statement that the trial was fair was cited by German ministers, in letters responding to inquiries, as a guarantee.

At the beginning of October, Ian Martin, secretary general of Amnesty International, visited Jordan for a week, and popped into the Shubeilat trial one day. Amnesty refused to issue statements on the trial.

Amnesty International is notorious in Great Britain, the state where it is based and whose interests it represents, for refusing to touch the Birmingham Six and the Guildford Four cases of Irishmen who had been framed by British security forces. Most damning is the fact that Amnesty has consistently refused to look into the LaRouche case. On the latter, spokesmen for the Americas Desk of Amnesty told *EIR* that their organization "never has anything to do with conditions in jails," that they had "no information whatsoever" on the case—an outright lie—and that they believed Mr. LaRouche to be a common criminal.

by a man with a white moustache, bald head, blue eyes, slim, and around 50 years old. I thought it was Mr. Hafez Amin. But the gentleman told me that Mr. Amin was still on his way to the airport.

Several men with walkie-talkies took me to the special VIP lounge, normally reserved for the welcome ceremony of high-ranking guests. I was treated in a very polite manner.

We then left the airport and after about 10 minutes a Mercedes arrived. In this car were a Mr. Mohammed Hijazi, the State Attorney in the trial as I learned later, and a Mr. Abu Hashim, a man of the Secret Service, as I also later learned. They were in plainclothes.

They took me to a villa outside of Amman in the suburb called Sweleh.

On the table in the villa were two albums, a red one and a black one. In one of them was a huge picture of Laith Shubeilat and another one of Mr. Qarrash. I was asked if I knew these people. I told them that I did not.

In the following encounter I was asked by every one of the people present again and again—I was pushed—to look at the pictures very carefully and to think very carefully if I did not know the respective persons or if I had not met them somehow in Teheran. I declared again and again that I neither knew these people nor had ever met them before in my life.

After I had answered these questions in this clear way,

Mr. Abu Hashim suddenly changed the subject and told me that I was of Iraqi origin and that he had heard that I was against Saddam Hussein and that I had connections to the Iraqi opposition. At this moment it became clear to me that I had run into a trap. I felt that I had two possibilities, either to do everything that was asked of me in the hope that I could return to my family in Germany, or to have made a journey without return. I had to take into account that Mr. Amin in the telephone conversation with me in Munich had sworn by the head of the king. I knew that this oath was false. An Arab who misuses such an oath is capable of anything, as I know. Also it became clear that I was not to see the king as I had been told in the telephone call in Munich.

My fear grew significantly as I thought of my wife and my children. I thought for a moment of fleeing, but then saw no possibilities for escape. The only way out that I saw was to play along with the game and to do what I was told to do. I eventually agreed to behave as I was ordered to do.

After my consent, the conversation was ended at this point and adjourned to the evening. In the evening I was picked up and taken to the office of the Military Court, Alqadaa Alaskari.

I was taken to the room of Mr. Hafez Amin. I was told the judge, Yousef Faouri, would come soon.

After about 10 minutes Mr. Faouri arrived. He was in